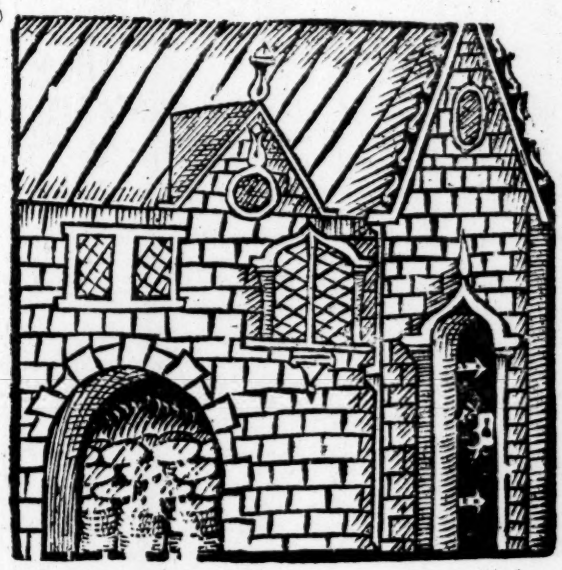
The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.



AND then I ſhould be on a Hurdle laid
And to my Execution place conuaid,
Where in a Rope I there ſhould ſtrangled be,
In ſhamefull manner for each one to ſee.

My Members, and my Bowels forth be cut,
And in a flaming fire they ſhould be put,
There to conſume and vnto aſhes turne,
As wicked members there they then muſt burne.

My Body muſt in quarters eke be cut,
And on the City gates they ſhould be put,
To be a ſight for others to take heed,
Where rauenous Fowles vpon my fleſh will feed.

And now I doe beſeech you Parents all,
That here are come to ſee my timeles fall,
In vertues paths doe you your children traine,
That they may heauen and heauenly thoughts
(retaine,
Oh doe not ſuffer them to curſe and ſweare,
But traine them vp the God of heauen to feare,
Teach them obedience to their Soueraigne King,
And their Superiors, whence doth vertue ſpring.

And Children all doe you example take,
Oh let me be a warning for your ſake,
Spend not your liues ſo vainely as I haue done,
Whoſe glaſſe is broke before my ſand is run.

Vnto your Parents reuerent honor giue,
The Lord commands it, then you long ſhall liue,
Your dayes he ſayes ſhall be long in the land,
This is your duty, as he doth command.

Honor the King, for ſo the Lord doth ſay,
And ſee the Magiſtrate you doe obey,
Vnto your Equals loning be and kind,
To your inferiours beare an humble mind.

But now, O Lord, for mercy I intreat,
Thou canſt forgiue although my ſinnes are great,
Lord make me cleane, & make me cleare as glaſſe,
And then the Snow I ſhall in whitenes paſſe.

Great God vpon me powre the Spirit of grace,
And then in Heauen I hope I ſhall finde place,
Chriſt my Redeemer, he hath dide for mee,
My ſoule I hope with him in heauen ſhall be.

Lord bleſſe the King, and ſend him long to raigne,
Preſerue the Queene, their Iſſue, & their Traine,
And God forgiue me, and my Prince I pray,
Whoſe Lawes and Statutes I did diſobey.

Lord let thy Goſpell flouriſh in this Land,
Grant that the truth may flouriſh ſtill and ſtand,
Preſerue the Clergy, Nobles, and the State,
And keepe the Commons from all ſtrife and hate.

Vaine world farewell, I am prepar'd to die,
My Soule I hope, ſhall ſtraight aſcend the ſkie;
I come, Lord Jeſus, now I come to thee,
To thee one God, yet holy Trinitie.

FINIS.

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